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It's a Duet, Why Are You Solo?

Calliope

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calliope
it's a duet, why are you solo?

“Letter from the Editor” II **VICTOR INZUNZA**

ART EITHER FAILS OR SUCCEEDS in capturing moments of inspiration, making what is elusive captive and making what is fugitive about inspiration idle only for a moment, art is an act of re-creation, a glimpse of the artist’s vision. But it seems that all artists have for their endeavors are snapshots and portraits, time somehow captured in words and images. These images vary depending upon the person, or the life lived.

Besides the mystic and often abstract ways in which people speak about creating art, whether it’s visual or literary, the fact is that these moments are drawn from our lives, the devastating, the joyous, and the mundane all have a home between the frames of the portrait, or the lines of the poem. What we have seen informs the way in which we respond as artists in the world.

This year’s collection includes literary work from the Veterans Writing Circle at Pacific. It is a way to write the experience of war, and to place those images into context with the world we live in today. Art is not an isolated act. The Veterans Writing Circle is proof of this. It is an attempt by Pacific to help veterans and their families move beyond the trauma of war, while providing a space

to create art through the healing power of words, and establish a dialogue about war within our community.

Calliope is alive and well in the pages to follow, walking through the suburbs and urban sprawl, admiring the surge of life in shopping centers, or cringing at the sights of the battlefields of the past and present. Artists are present in the desperate places of our world as well as the beautiful.

This makes the collection of literary and visual art in this issue proof of the persistent desire to create, with our hands and our minds, and most important, with our hearts. Our lives continue to change, our distant memories return, and despite the tumultuous cycle of rebirth that life imposes upon us, we must create something that gives voice to our experiences.

While our minds wander through our hopeful daydreams, taking us to strange places we've never seen, we respond with imagination and creativity, creating the world as it could be. We find it as it is and we are ashamed, but hopeful. So, write, read, and create with brush or pen strokes and our lives will be revealed transformed.

calliope II **IT'S A DUET, WHY ARE YOU SOLO?**

Spring 2011 Volume XXXXI

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To Dan Kasser for his assistance in artwork documentation. To Taylor Sutton and Theresa Gallagher for their creative input and assistance in artwork documentation.

A Short History II **CALLIOPE LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE**

Pronounced Kuh-Lie-Oh-Pea.

Not to be confused with the instrument whose airy tunes emanate from the circus carousel. Named for the muse of heroic poetry in Greek mythology that inspired Homer's *Odyssey*.

First published in the spring of 1970, it was sold in the University bookstore for 75 cents. From such humble beginnings, *Calliope* has woven itself into Pacific's literary and art fabric. All work is original and created by Pacific students. Faculty and students send their submissions to the student editorial staff, which annually selects those that will be published.

Calliope has been published continuously since 1970, though funding is always a challenge from year to year. Sources of support vary widely, coming from departments, student organizations, student fundraisers, individuals and businesses and we all benefit from their continued generosity.

The 2009 and 2010 editions received national attention by winning Apex Awards for Publication Excellence. *Calliope* continues as a vehicle of self-expression and creativity for Pacific students, and each issue reflects the talent and personality of the students who create and contribute to it.

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2010 Visual Arts Editor || **LAUREN FRIEDRICH**

Client: SMCO (Supermarket Checkout)

Project: Did You Know — Earth Month

Date: 3/15/11

Motionographer: Daniel Ortiz

Creative Director: Sybil Rhodes

One of the most exciting things I faced after receiving my BFA in Graphic Design was the unscripted future. The ability that I could be anywhere, doing anything was thrilling, yet, frightening. As I searched for opportunities in my field of study, freelance kept me busy and connected to design. Within a year after graduating, I came upon an internship opportunity in San Francisco as a Design Intern at Premiere Retail Network (PRN). After four months of learning the ways of a designer in the workforce, I was extended an offer to become a full-time Designer.

PRN is a broadcast advertising agency that provides services for video advertising and video merchandising networks. Their clients are retail companies, such as Costco, Sam's Club, Walmart, BJ's, and grocery stores. My focus as a Designer is to work with the Content and Creative Team, consisting of designers, motionographers, producers and content developers, to create visual story boards that are handed off to the motionographers to animate. Commercials, like the Earth Month advertisement, are displayed on video screens near checkout lines to increase awareness of Earth Month to shoppers.

SMCO | DID YOU KNOW — EARTH MONTH
TRT:25

PROJECT: Did You Know — Earth Month
CLIENT: SMCO
DATE: 3/15/11
VERSION: Two

1.

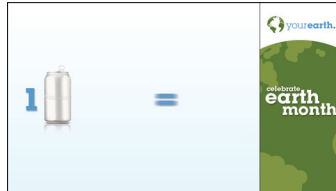


VO: "Did you know that recycling ONE aluminum can..."

Visual: Number "1" and aluminum can come onto screen.

B Panel: [Your Earth logo] celebrate earth month

2.



Visual: [Transition Frame] Camera zooms out from can and pans to the right. "Equals" sign flies onto screen from the right, stopping next to the can.

3.



VO: "...saves enough energy to power your computer for 3 hours?"

Visual: Computer comes onto screen during call out.

Text: 1 (can) = (computer) x 3 hours!

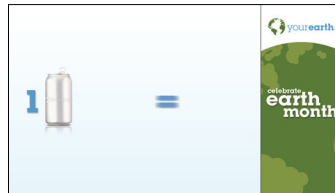
4.



VO: "And that same little can..."

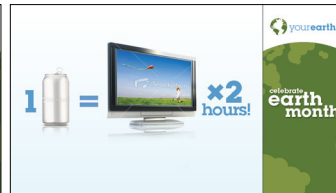
Visual: Camera zooms in onto the can.

5.



Visual: [Transition Frame] Camera zooms out and pans to the right. "Equals" sign flies onto screen from the right, stopping next to the can (same as frame 2).

6.



VO: "...will keep your TV going for 2 hours!"

Visual: TV comes onto screen during call out.

Text: 1 (can) = (TV) x 2 hours!



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Shatterproof

I wake up to the sound of breaking glass.
As I enter my living room, I see the remains of my
desktop lamp littering the floor
and my cat playfully batting at the shattered pieces.
I remember being awakened by the sound of
breaking glass when I was six years old.
I remember wandering into my parents' kitchen,
rubbing the sleep from my eyes.
I remember seeing the remains of a plate being
swept into a dustpan
by my mother's hunched over silhouette.
I remember her tears and I remember her voice
telling me to go back to bed,
telling me that everything was okay.
I pat my cat on the head and I tell her that
everything is okay.
Then, I go back to bed,
leaving the mess for the morning.

Rude to the Dress II **ANNE STRUCK**

rude to the dress

I am rude to the dress. rushed I grab
it on its padded hanger and pull it
from the closet. its hem twists and
its collar flies. I thrust it
on a hook, scratch its
shoulder to rid it
of an unwanted
blemish, pull
up
its arms
to check for
stains. I turn it
backwards to inspect the rear
and declare that it will not
do without being pressed. I am rude
to the dress. I expect from it perfection
before I am willing to be seen with it.

S t

e s r
n e s u
n e s c
A e s k

I dream of McDonalds as I roll through the gates back to the base. I drool imagining the crispy, golden fries covered with an even layer of salt. My mouth melts from the image of me biting into a delicious Big Mac washing it down all down with an ice cold Coke. What more could I ask for after ten straight hours of Cordon-and-Knocking, house, to house, to house, in the hottest area of the hottest city, in the hottest country in the world.

The thought of crisp chicken nuggets fried to perfection assault my imagination, as I throw off my helmet and strip off my vest. My body is soaked of sweat, and I smell worse than any Iraqi I've come across all day. I'm in desperate need of a shower, but first things first CHOW!

I head straight to the Chow Hall, still dreaming of a juicy Quarter Pounder with a side of fries. I can smell the delicious meat and taste the toasted bun, as I grab a paper plate and stand in front of the cook, plate held out openly.

I'm abruptly snapped back to reality as he slaps an undercooked, horrid slab of catfish on my plate. The smell instantly forces me to gag. I've never been so disappointed before in my life, but I can only blame myself.

Only 144 days left until R&R.

Eagle || **BERENICE CALVARIO, ACRYLIC**



Kokoro II **MISHA MAGGI**

A heart is your core.
Your door, to
your passion,
your drive
your soul.

A heart fills with laughter,
bringing the cure
of knowing,
of growing,
of family
of friends.

A heart is always with you,
through and through
always running, always beating
to its own drummer
waiting to rest on a sleeve.

A heart's designed to be strong,
keeps moving on,
for You,
for Them,
for It,
for Us.

Sad Night Street Light II **KAYLA YEUNG, ETCHING**



Blank Page II **BETHANY MACKENZIE**

Does this paper know what I'm doing to it?

Does it object to the conclusions I create?

Does it think about the meaning of its existence?

Or is it my job to imbue it with meaning?

Did it have any before? Sleek, white void,

Or just the processed flesh
of a dead, fibrous creature
that's been attacked with bleach,
forcibly whitened
by meaty hands.

If that's the case, then

do the fibrous trees rebel against their meaty oppressors?

Do the trees struggle so that their children

have a chance to escape their sleek, white fate?

No. They are still as the grave.

Am I imposing? Am I corrupting?

Have I destroyed the beauty of the world

by trying to pry open its mysteries

like the gut of some meaty creature?

Must I kill to know beauty?

Or must I scar or taint or maim?

Or can I find a way,

like the tree —like the page,

of being still
and containing
all the infinite possibilities?

Flower (1980) || **JI YEON LEE, INK**



The Sound of Time Passing || **ALLISON ECKERSON**

It's that noise planes and helicopters make
When you're sitting outside on the porch
Sipping lemonade on a warm summer day,
That whooshing made by jump ropes
Swinging fast
Above your head
Then below your feet
Above
Then below.

It's when you're lying in your bed
With all the covers off
Cause it's so darn hot,
It's that buzzing in the back of your mind
That you never can figure out.

It's that song stuck in your head,
The music you keep hearing
That isn't really there,
Those remembered conversations,
And those that never really happened
But you remember them just the same.

It's that sound of foot steps
That you never notice
Until they're gone,
The noise the car keys make,
Your dog's collar
When he runs.

It's the tapping of fingers
On the kitchen table
The rolling of eyes
The grinding teeth
It's the rhythm of breath
The beating of a heart.



Aging Wonder II **BECCA WYANT, PHOTOGRAPH**



Rahim and I || **VICTOR INZUNZA**

An M-16 covered in mud lies hidden somewhere in the memory,
among a weapons cache of RPG's and AK-47's. They are

buried in the machinery of neurons and synapses,
like bodies long forgotten,
by Rahim and myself.

For now a cease fire has halted the mind-war.
Sleep thieves purge the darkness, push shadows

down the hall, as the static numbness
swells like waves of nothing.

Rahim and I listen to the voices of the dead modulate in
robotic screaming agony,
they sing like the waters of the Euphrates,
offering prayers to awaken Babylon's children. Rahim
offers a handful of dates to a barefoot child on the banks
of the river,
as the dead sing to us choruses of live not die. Their voices

awaken us from the television screen's
Play-by-play of Armageddon,
to our sunrise turned mechanical.

Apocalypse II **LIA SANTINI, LINOLEUM PRINT**



Goodbye Home || **GINA VERRASTRO**

They say when it rains,
it pours—the dam burst open,
drowning bystanders.

Daddy lost his job
and Momma works much too hard.
Times are crumbling, dear.

They say, Sweetie say
goodbye to your childhood –
the bank owns it now.

New people live there,
invaders of the worst kind:
the kind that belong.

They say it's a new
beginning, but they cannot
disguise the ending.

Home has become a
fantasy – this place is just
a house, an address.

You are adrift now,
dear — learn to make the most of
it. Call it freedom.

The city smells like
despair and raw frustration.
Nothing is the same.

The coyotes are
silent now, so far from home,
replaced by traffic.

The music of frogs
is now the shriek of sirens
tearing up the night.

Climbing trees can't grow
in a concrete jungle, dear.
Everyone knows that.

Pools are nothing but
chlorinated imposters
of pure swimming holes.

Dogs that once chased deer
are now confined to leashes
watching cars pass by.

Daddy and his son
both court the same woman, that
temptress Mary Jane.

Momma lives by the
glow of her computer screen
working herself pale.

The daughter's past is
sold online, her history
vanishes in clicks.

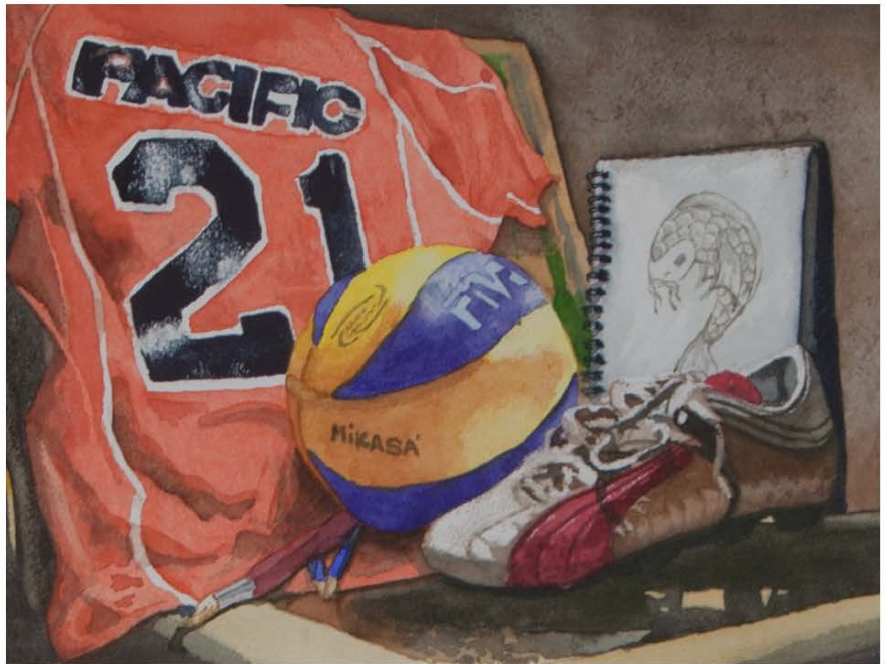
Cowgirls don't cry, dear,
even when strangers wear their
chaps for Halloween.

The economy
has to turn around, they say,
but it hasn't yet.

So carry on, dear,
don't let the changes change you.
Hold your head up high.

Don't listen to what
They say – you can always prove
them wrong anyway.

Artistic Athleticism II **NOLAN CARTER, WATERCOLOR**



Faith || **SARA STOOKEY**

I went to church on Easter Sunday,
And as I stood watching the round priest in his
gold and white robes,
I cried.
I cried because I don't believe like the one I love.
I don't believe like the beautiful boy standing
next to me.
He can stand straight and tall and proudly
proclaim his faith.
But I cannot.
I stand in his shadow. In despair and desolation,
Because I can only believe in my own way.
I cannot stand in front of the priest and take the
Eucharist,
Because they say I am not worthy.
I cannot bow my head and fold my hands to
recite the age-old lines.
I cannot make the sign of the cross upon my
chest like those around me.

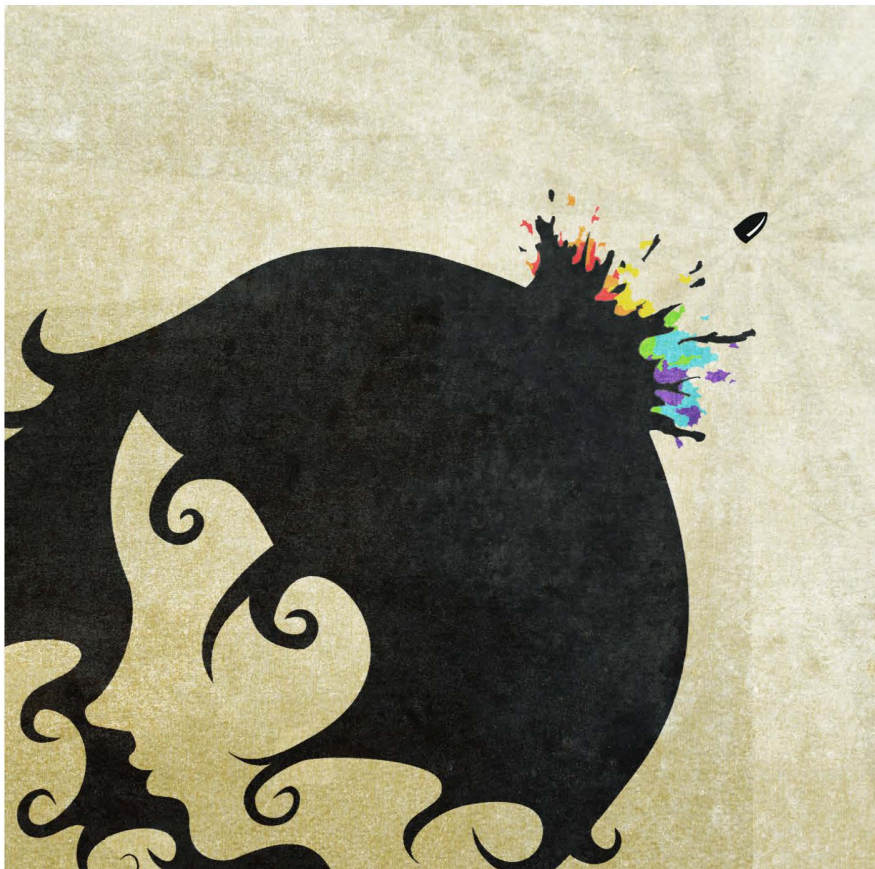
But,
I do believe,
Just not in the same way he does.
I can stand on a mountaintop and look down
upon a set of emerald hills, and see divinity.

I do believe.
I believe in love.
I believe in human grace.
I believe in beauty,
And the power of friendship and family.
I believe in all the essential things that faith says I
should believe in,
I just don't call it God.
I believe that I can love this beautiful boy who holds
my hand and whispers my way through mass,
So that I will understand.
I believe that I can love him with all my heart and soul.
And if our faiths should drive us apart,
Then it was not meant to be.
But if, in the essentials, they are the same,
Then together, forever, we shall remain.

Orchid II **TAYLOR SUTTON, DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION**



Happiness || **ALEX ZAWORSKI, DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION**



Idol Consequence || **JOSH CHIPPERONI**

Perfection is a virtue and in so much a vice
To which The Artist feels more burdened
Than the world does here tonight
Shine out your imperfections,
Says the salesman on TV
You too can be happy,
You can be like me

A hesitated moment changed and channeled something else
For The Artist needs to know how to never go to hell
A monetary gift right now fulfills that holy need
Though the soul of The Artist does not, gold bleed

Because right now to order
This product to change your life
No assembly required
The Artist hears pervasively
From this loud man and wife

Yes brothers and sisters; now must your soul be saved
For who here among us is prepared for judgment day?

Click now on to other news
The war in someplace else,
Had yet another tragedy

For someone other than myself
Now back to you
It fades to blue, and the standard test begins
To verify viewed clarity, and shake loose broadcast sins

Tax receipts, assembled things, a cacophony of sound
The Artist tried, and tried again with no love to be found

In the background an abrasive sound
Sharp lit by colored light
The Artist; lost from the breath of life; signed off,
As if to say goodnight
To a buzz infested world of grey
Lined to demarcate fact from fiction
Deems accessory to suicide
To late night television

Scraps II **JUN SATO**

1.

i remember the rat's nest that was your hair
and you giggling as i ran my fingers through it

the taste of tequila on your lips
the mess in your room

staying up until we weren't drunk just
tired

2.

that face you make
and the way you draw out my name
when our drunk nights converge-

you make me feel
like a peeled onion
the death of an acquaintance
a childhood scent

3.

why do you write poems?
to get girls.
why do you get girls?
to write poems.

4.

her name was sonia or bianca
or neither depending on who was asking.
she was going to work on a sunday morning,
the kind of work where you can stop outside
a parking garage and hang out for hours
with the ragtag assembly of ravers and bums trapped outside
in the early morning city fog.

her list of family members in prison was shorter only than
that of prescribed medications she refused to take.

she was pretty and mexican and schizophrenic
and she gave me her scarf because i looked cold.

and i was.

5.

i wrote a poem for her,
carved it in the sand by the reflection of the stars
on the water-

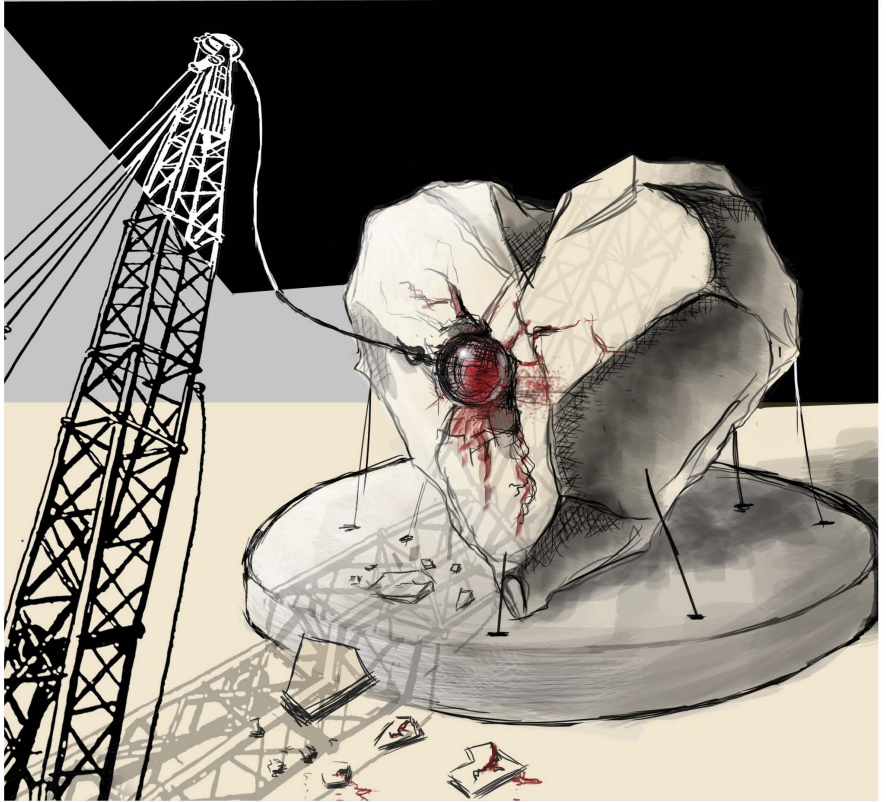
the lines were concise yet eloquent,
emotions evoked through black and white images.

i explained those long, silent car rides
spent studying patterns of clouds.

of course, i only wrote it because i knew
the tide would come.

it had to be washed away before she could read it-

Stone Heart || **ALLISON COLBERG, DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION**



Invincibility II **DANIELLE PROCOPE**

It's endless

You know,
The way we love
Like stars
Like small seeming
Things that expand
And inspire poetry

We are
Infinitesimally infinite
And as we shine
I open up in you

I am fuller and fatter
Than the swell
Of raindrops

Do angels
Fit in slender places
Their essence beaming?

Because we do

Because
We are beautiful

Simply,
Simply shining.
There is glory
In this embodiment
Of love

Imagine how much
We must shine
When our story is aglow
In the flames

This is not a love poem.

This is an ode to the
Invincibility I experience
In your embrace

Old Man II **AARON DAVIS, ETCHING**



A Dialogue of Sorts || **FRED GOWAN**

Nighttime, Travel, Desert, Conversation, Coffee, and a Dog
Mid April 1964

Damn... I'm finding that driving all night is still a drag, even without traffic. Not much chance of traffic on this lonely, New Mexico State Highway heading, I think, in a westerly direction. I know this because when I glance in the review mirror, I can see the first glint of early dawn which has to mean I am moving west.

Like yesterday, I know this new day will also be hot. Since leaving North Carolina and Fort Bragg over two days ago, I have just about worn out my fondness for country music, and the many radio stations in this part of the country that play it all day

long. Maybe I will switch up to some jazz between here and Phoenix.

Time seems to be zipping by me, and the past 10 months spent completing Ranger Training at Fort Benning and the SF Q-Course at Bragg, came close to breaking me, although I now feel relaxed and comfortable, yet for some reason I am alert, even with a minimum of recent sleep. It must be the intensity of the training I received. My thoughts have wandered, and it struck me that I haven't really talked to anyone other than café workers since getting on the road.

With the radio turned off now, the quietness of night is almost solemn, no ambient light on the western horizon, just my headlights, the stars, and no moon at all. Like my mother, I don't mind the stillness of a dark night. Both of us tend to be a little more than reserved, especially around people. She says it is our Cherokee and Comanche Indian blood and our Indian heritage. Still, it has been close to sixty hours without a meaningful conversation. That is a long time, even for me. Conversation would be good sometime today, but at this moment, what I really need is some gas and hopefully a cup of strong coffee.

Stopping to pee is also soon going to be a priority. I have been driving on this high plateau for the past three hours and I notice now that the road has dropped off the plateau into a gentle down

grade, sloping away to what I know is going to be more desert, only at a lower elevation. I catch a faint glimmer of a light in the distance. I sure hope it will be a gas station and maybe a café. As I get nearer to the light I can make out a small gas station building for sure, but don't yet know about any café. Gradually I coast off the ragged blacktop pavement onto the dirt and gravel leading to what appears to be a lone gas pump.

As I come to a slow grinding stop and turn the ignition off, I notice for the first time the hood latch has come loose, and steam, created in part by the cool desert air combined with the heat from my engine and radiator, is coming up from the front of the car. I can see the heat gauge on the dashboard is riding the red hot mark. Must have been more asleep than I thought for the last 20 miles, and here I had two full canteens of water in the trunk. Oh well, I will let it cool for a bit while I wait for the station to open.

I exit the car and begin to slowly stretch and twist my body in the coolness of morning, trying to work out the stiffness that only occurs after many hours of driving. I feel for those long line truck drivers I see on the road. Leaning against the car I nod off for a minute, only to wake abruptly due to a familiar but loud noise coming from the back of the station, it's the sound of doors opening and closing. In a few minutes the doors go through the routine again. It's my guess, the station has no inside plumbing.

A light flickers through a dusty window, and I hear a man cough from inside the station. Another light, a bit brighter, soon appears and then a neon light suddenly flickers and flashes to life in one of the dusty windows, as it announces in bright red letters, "OPEN." The lone gas pump near my car begins to hum. I continue to stretch, as I turn my head, I catch movement near the station; it's a large dog of some unknown breed coming from behind the station. Without a glance at me the dog heads directly to the right front wheel of my car. He sniffs and then proceeds to wash the tire and rim, as only a dog can do. I said not a word as the dog turned in the direction of the car's right rear wheel. Silently he emptied the remainder of his bladder's contents and then sat on his haunches near the pump, this time with his eyes riveted on me.

An old man wearing a wool work shirt, bib, overalls, and scuffed brown cowboy boots, came out the front door and shuffled up to the pump, which was still making sounds but was fully lit up. I just had a strange feeling that an interesting conversation would soon be forthcoming. The old man scratched his groin area, something men all over the world do every day in some manner. Seeing his action, and almost on cue, the dog also took care of his own itch in the same area. The old man, having apparently satisfied his itch, peered at me through squinted eyes and refastened one of his overall shoulder loops. He sized me up and was

checking out my wranglers, belt buckle and riding heel Tony Lama boots.

“I take it you need fuel, is that right Cowboy?” I nodded yes, and he said, “you’re in luck, I think there is just enough gas left in my tank maybe 10 to 15 gallons, to get you into Deming.” “That damn fuel truck from Tularosa is late again this month.”

I nod, and still did not say a word. He looked at me and paused before he zeroed out the gallons with the small ancient hand crank on the side of the pump. He said, “Do you want all I can give you,” I nodded. He stared hard this time and inquired, “You can talk can’t you?” I laughed and nodded yes, his eyes remained fixed on my eyes, their light blue color looking at my brown eyes and beyond. “Care to prove it?” he asked, as he began to pump gas into my car. This time I spoke asking, “Is there someplace close where I can get a cup of coffee?”

Not looking up, the old man says, “I will fix you right up as soon as we finish here.” The dog was on the move again and the old man said “Here Lobo, get away from that tire.”

I said, “no matter, the whole car is going to stay dirty until I reach Phoenix.”

Wiping his hands on an oily rag from a pocket, as he finished pumping the gas, he checked the amount, and as he turned he said “Come on inside.”

“Should I move my car so other customers can get near the pump?” I asked.

He snorted and said with a smile, “other customers? Hell if they come at all, it won’t be until much later, they seem to time it and only stop at the hottest damn part of the day.”

We moved inside the dimly lit room and he motioned for me to sit at a table. The table was about the only thing that looked sturdy in the room. There was an Army cot in the other end of the room. On the table were a few books, an empty soup can containing pencils of various length, tablets, typing paper, and a vintage Remington manual typewriter. All pushed together at one end.

He said, “Don’t mind the mess, I read a bit and write a few lines now and then, but the typewriter is out of ribbon until the Gas truck arrives.” “The driver usually brings me what I need, you know, coffee, bacon, beans and flour, been living on quail eggs and cottontail stew for the past week.” On a small, yet sturdy looking wood stove, the old man had prepared his coffee in one of those gray speckled metal coffee pots of the variety I had only seen in old western movies. The aroma of the coffee was intoxicating. “Hope you don’t mind a few coffee grounds and maybe a speck of eggshell,” he said as he moved a big steaming metal cup toward me. “How about some wild Desert Honey to take the edge off the coffee, I make it railroad strong.”

“Yes,” I said, “I like honey and I also like my coffee strong.”

With the cup in front of me, the old man said, “This is called Wabash Coffee, did you know that?” “Yes” I said. Pausing, he looked at me again and finally said, “Now where did a young buck like you learn about Wabash Coffee?”

I took a few sips from my cup before I slowly replied, “From one of my uncles. During the Depression he traveled across the west looking for work. He rode on freight trains.”

The old man slapped his leg, laughed and said, “By God if you ain’t something, did your uncle also tell you why eggshell is put in the coffee?” I knew the answer, but decided to let the old man tell me. “No, he didn’t tell me that.”

The old man spooned out a bit of eggshell from his cup and said, as he gave out a loud laughing whoop, “Why to make the coffee grounds go to the bottom of the coffee pot.” He paused briefly, and I waited for him to speak, “You don’t see or taste any grounds in your coffee do you?” he asked with a big grin.

I made a show of checking my cup with my spoon and said, “No I don’t see any eggshell or taste any coffee grounds.”

Laughing hard again, the old man roared, “See, it works.” We laughed together, and both of us began to sip the hot tasty coffee in silence. The rising sun in the east began to create a patina of red as it continued to peak over the edge of the plateau, inching

upward into the clear light blue New Mexico sky. I would have to leave soon, and casually looked at my watch. The old man noticed and quietly pulled a pocket watch from one of the buttoned chest pockets of his bib overalls. It was metallic in color, round, and big as a silver dollar. A heavy chain with a fob that resembled an old locomotive was attached to the watch.

He saw me looking at his watch and said, "Want to trade?" As he handed me his watch, I passed him my Rolex GMT Master. His watch was surprisingly heavy and bore the worn comfortable look of many years spent resting in and being removed from, the chest pocket of his overalls. "It's made from pure New Mexico silver and was presented to me when I retired from the old Tucumcari Railroad." He looked closely at my watch and then handed it back to me. I hefted his watch again and closely examined the fob before I returned the watch to him. "We had steam locomotives in those days, and our railcars carried the silver ore mined from those holes in the ground, to the smelter. On the return trip we would bring mail, medicine, dynamite and supplies for the miners who lived at the various mine sites, most often for months at a time. The pay was good in those days, but it was a tough life for the miners. I gave it a try for a year before I got lucky and got hired on with the railroad. The old Tucumcari is now part the Santa Fe Railroad." "How about you, what is your calling?"

I was amused that he used the old word, but

I knew the meaning and told him I was a career Army soldier. I went on to tell him that I was passing through New Mexico on my way to Arizona to visit my great aunt in Phoenix. From there, I would drive on into California, where I would take a plane to my overseas assignment. I explained that my assignment would be Vietnam. He studied me again, and then he looked away fixing his blue eyes on a faded flag tacked to the wall above the door. I followed his gaze as I swallowed the last bit of my coffee and then stood up beside my chair. He slowly rose and stood beside me. Before I turned toward the door I handed him \$20.00 for the gas. He shook his head no, and put his leathered right hand on my shoulder as if guiding me out the door into the warm early morning sunshine. The dog was a persistent cur, and he made one more move toward my car only to be warned away again by the old man. "I have tried to break him from pissing on the customer's tires, but he's a slow learner. Anyway he is good company and a watch dog for me. He has good ears for night noise."

The flathead engine in my old Ford had cooled off and I opened the hood to check the radiator. The old man held the hood for me and motioned toward the small topless wooden barrel near the gas pump. "That's good rain water he said, use the old can on the side of the barrel to fill your radiator and maybe you should check the water level of your battery." The radiator was almost dry, and took quite a bit of water to refill

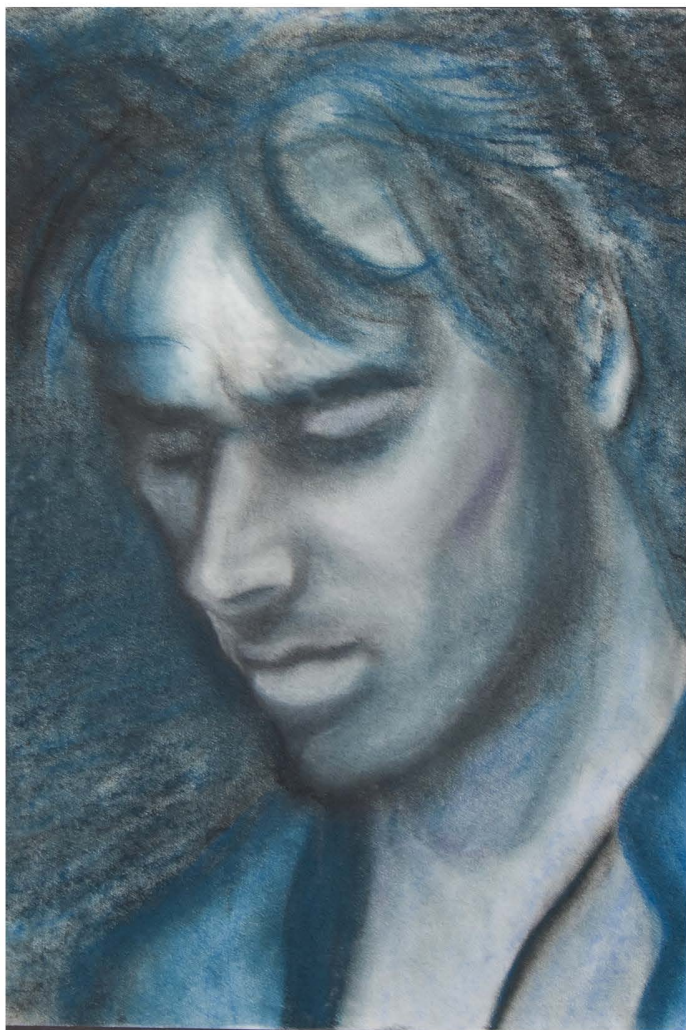
it. The battery did need water so I filled the cells. No point worrying about not using distilled water for the battery. I noisily closed the hood and checked to ensure the latch was snug. The old man followed me and waited as I opened the car door. He looked again into my eyes and said, "Son you be careful over there." "You know in war the object is stay alive in combat and to make that other son-of-a-bitch die for his country." I had heard a version of the saying before. I grinned at him as we shook hands.

I slowly drove away from the station, but for some reason I briefly locked eyes with the dog. He looked at me indifferently and seemed to be saying, "It was just your turn Cowboy, and 2 out of 4 ain't bad." The old man waved me out of sight. Next stop Deming, which should be close to two more hours of driving by my calculation. I figure to arrive just about the same time the effect of the caffeine strength of the old man's "Wabash coffee" would be wearing off, and who knows, more conversation might even occur before the new day is over.

Eye II **MONGOOSE, DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION**



Analogous Color Study II **SHENG MOUA, CHALK AND PASTEL**



The Shadow Man || **JOHN BRITTO**

It was impossible to tell which creature was more defeated the sickly broken man or his small black dog. Both were malnourished and filthy; their stench was more than just noticeable. They huddled together, blind to their bustling surroundings, sitting on a scrap of wrinkled cardboard on the cold sidewalk.

Afternoon shoppers, tourists, couriers, mail carriers office workers on a break, mothers holding their children's hands rushed by. All were living life, all ignoring the almost invisible beggar and his dog.

The pair blended in with a blur of street lights plastered with colored flyers and a group of newspaper stands offering free information about young sexy escorts. The dejected duo camped at the edge of a red curb by an illegally parked car.

Periodically, a siren would pierce the air as an ambulance raced by. A few yards away, a group of street vendors, eager to make every sale, could be heard shouting as they hustled their wares to gawking pedestrians.

The drifter had a tiny sign made from an old shoe box scribbled with uneven black letters. His sign leaned against a rumpled back-pack; it asked, quite simply, for money to buy food. On the bottom of the sign, almost too small to read was a tag line: "I 'm a veteran." Those were the words that commanded my attention; the words that made me take a hard look into the shadows. By a tragic twist of fate his journey from honorable service to horrible sadness placed him here while mine took another path.

The scruffy mixed-breed dog had tinges of orange around his ears with random flecks of what was in an earlier time, white. He was, apparently, a friendly long-haired mongrel. Hanging around his thin neck was a shabby brown leather collar that was too large for him.

On occasion, the dog would look up, slowly, usually to yawn or whenever someone walked by shouting into their cell phone. Two of its teeth were missing. His best days were clearly behind him. All things considered, the dog was probably quite happy just to be cared for, even if meagerly.

The broken man sat slightly hunched-over with his legs crossed. Absent mindedly, he stroked the dog with a rough, grimy hand; his other hand held a short smoldering cigarette. The hands looked as if they had spent time rummaging in a dumpster. His sad eyes were half-shut most of the time; bushy brows ran together above sockets that were sunken and hollow. Most of his aging face was shrouded in a matted, rumpled beard. A ball cap was hard pressed onto his head.

His tattered survival clothing was more packed-on than worn. The frayed articles were in thick layers: Each piece representing a mix of styles from a previous decade. He was between 32 and 47 years old. The age was difficult to determine. Hard living had sucked the life out his abused body.

From a distance, I saw his lips moving. There were no discernable sounds. He was talking, but apparently very softly. Maybe he was talking to the dog. Maybe he was talking to himself. Or, maybe he was talking to the people walking by asking for coins.

My suspicion was that he was talking to the ghosts who lived within him, the ghosts who beat him and haunted him. Ghosts who shouted in his ear night and day about what might have been, what could have been...and what will never be. Ghosts from a horrible past, a past filled with powerful pains and shattered promises.

It was a clear day with small milky clouds being pushed east by an offshore breeze. It was a Saturday afternoon in San Francisco. It was a brief moment in front of Macy's. It was a lone veteran being ignored as he sat uncomfortably in a shadow: A prisoner of his past begging for his future.

Hamsa II **AARON DAVIS, LINOLEUM PRINT**



Cleaning Cherries || **ALLISON ECKERSON**

It was October in that little northern California town not worth naming. Pine needles covered lawns and a cool wind blew in from the west. In a week or two it would start snowing, and it wouldn't stop until mid April. She walked down the familiar road to the local high school and watched as that familiar blue Chevy pickup truck pulled into the parking lot.

She walked slow, hoping he would catch up to her. But instead he stayed a few feet back and they both went along listening to each other's footsteps. This had happened too many times before. She wanted to turn around and say hi to that perfect boy, act like they were good friends. Or maybe she wanted him to say hi first because then she wouldn't embarrass herself. But nothing happened. She wondered if he still knew her name.

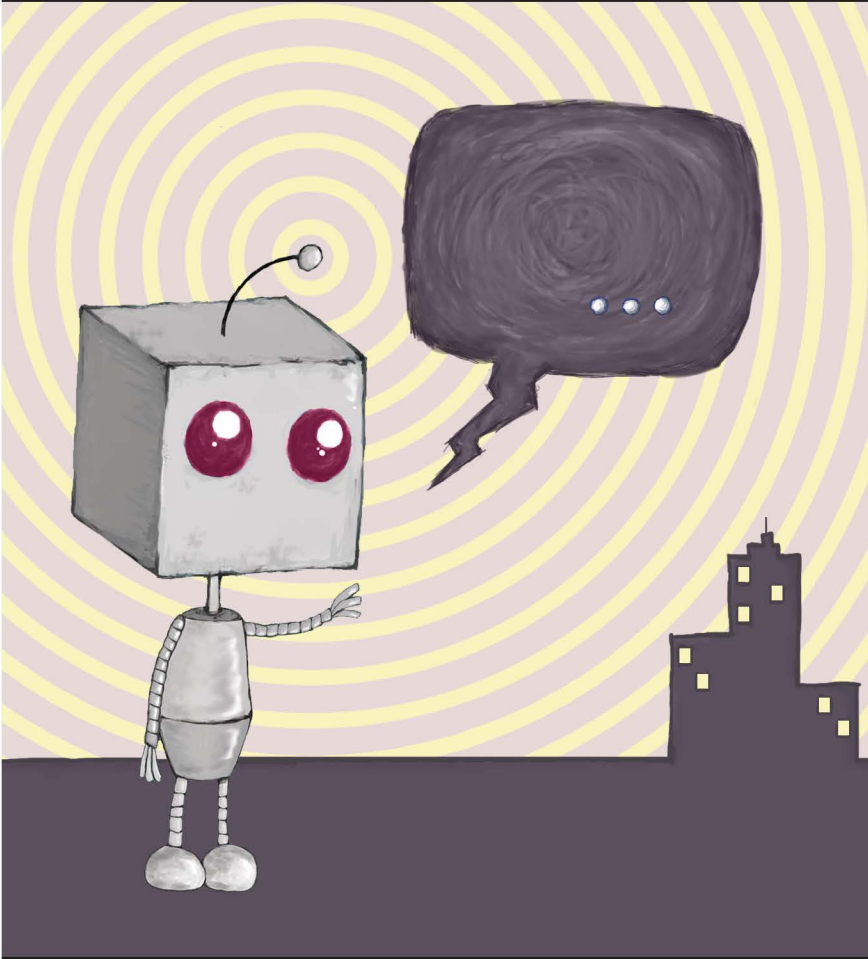
That night she stood in her family's kitchen cleaning cherries. Her uncle had brought them when he came to visit. But now they had begun to mold. She sorted through them, meticulously discarding any that did not look perfect. Some were obviously not edible, covered in mold or deformed and discolored. But others looked ok from a distance; maybe they were too soft or had a small tear. She wondered briefly what would happen if she ate one of these bad cherries. Probably

nothing, she assumed, but better to be safe than sorry. This was always her motto.

She ended up throwing half of the cherries away. She watched them sink into the garbage, disappearing under used plastic bags and other discarded food. But the cherries left everything they touched stained with their deep red juice. She cleaned up the kitchen and wiped away the red puddles on the counter. Finally she tried one of the perfect looking cherries, it wasn't as good as she expected.

The next day she walked to school again. It was colder than the day before and she thought the snow might come sooner than expected. Once again that blue Chevy pulled into the parking lot and he started walking behind her. Today though, she made an effort to walk faster and leave him behind. She continued forward, walking alone, knowing that he would never love her.

Lewis || **ALEX ZAWORSKI, DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION**



Familiar Faces || **BECCA WYANT**

I know somewhere down the road I'll lose interest. Sure, right, interest in what? I mean, just interest in everything, people, life. I think in the end it all falls into one big pile of nothing. And nothing is pretty much self-explanatory, wouldn't you say?

"Here again, Mitch?" Ah, we finally made our way to first name basis. I never thought this day would come with the academic office's secretary. Dreams do come true, being part of a pathetic excuse of a senior class in high school, it's easy pointing out who's who.

"Yes, of course, Cindy. I just had to see you." I gave her a wink. She smiled, which I read as being slightly uncomfortable and somewhat flattered, from what I'm only assuming is comes

from the fact that she probably doesn't get many comments on her looks. I'm going to guess, mid 40s, and considering she's more than overweight, picking up a dropped pencil is the workout of the week. It's depressing to think how people can simply let themselves go like that. Wouldn't you think that people would have the willpower to realize enough's enough?

As I was sitting there, wondering off to my own world, contemplating the real issues of the day and solving world hunger and all; who would interrupt me but, Jackie Evans. She walked in as if she owned the world and without any thought, sat in the last seat in the row away from me, thinking that it would be the safest distance. Jackie Evans, huh, it's funny to think that we used to be friends. Back when the Spork was invented and the world was changing as we know it. Without even looking, I knew she was rolling her eyes at me. She probably thinks I'm failing out or something, because she has the assumption that I'm trash. Which, I would like to state, my grades aren't bad...they're not good, but they're not the worst thing I got going for me. She tried to be sneaky and peek over at me through the corner of her eye, but obviously, failed to do so. I winked at her then she shot her head forward.

"Fancy seeing you here," I said starting the conversation off with a bang.

“Can’t say the same for you,” She said with a serious face. I didn’t say anything knowing how true it actually was. It’s something about being labeled as a troublemaker that makes you feel somewhat powerful, in a strange way. As I sat there trying to think of a better opening, I looked at her, seeing this new person she had become. Her hair was longer than it used to be, straight now, I guess her curls were too wild for her new personality. Clearly looked more “girly” than the past, wearing clothes that were more flattering, makeup all over her face, which was disappointing. Jackie has always been good looking... too bad she’s a bitch now.

“So what is it this time, Mitch?” She said crossing her legs and leaning my way. “Finally getting kicked out?”

“Hell, I’m trying.” I joked.

“Well, at least you’re trying in something.” She snipped. Way to just jump right into that. Attitude. Jeez. Like I don’t get enough of that already. She remained quiet after that, flipped her hair back showing how she was clearly better than me. I shook my head in disappointment.

People change.

Jackie was the first person to see me cry, which is kind of weird to think about. We used to climb the old willow tree during recess, which we considered to

be our clubhouse, and would have secret meetings. One day the meeting ran late and we decided that jumping down was the fastest and safest way. Yeah, we were bright kids. She had a perfect, graceful landing, while I landed on my arm and it snapped like a twig. She wanted to go get help right away, and as the tears dripped down my face I told her she couldn't because then our clubhouse would be revealed. I know. I had my priorities straight. Once I passed out from the pain, she fled to a teacher. Day saved.

We used to be neighbors when we were kids, which was how it all started with us. For 5 years, we walked to the bus stop together and back home from there. Hell, when the end of junior high rolled around, we finally got over the flirting stage and dated for a good amount of time, but then I realized I had no idea what dating was and gave up before screwing it up too badly. Apparently I didn't get out soon enough though, because we hardly remained friends after that. And then she moved away. Not that far actually, just ten minutes away, but it was far enough to end whatever relationship we had. Just like that. No more meetings. No more tears, on my part. Not even a wave in the hallways. Somehow it morphed into a "You, exit my life" stage; where she'd use the "Avoiding" tactic on me, because obviously, not talking about problems makes them go away. Then before I knew it, we hated each other. There wasn't an actual solid

reason, it just happened. Hate. Love it.

My conclusion: bitter from the break up.
Typical. Though lame, because it was so long ago and it wasn't even—you know, never mind. I don't even get it.

Oh, and she started hanging out with all the preppy kids once hitting high school, where of course, as seen in the movies, I'm just not cool enough. It didn't matter if I had just as many friends, or was as well known throughout the school. I was un-cool. Too un-cool for school. That's a good one, good job, me.

"So what'd they get you for?" I said peering over in her direction. "Caught cheating again?"

"Ever thought that I'm here because I set up a meeting with my advisor instead of being in trouble?"
She said very matter of fact. "Not everyone's as special as you." Aw, how sweet.

"You can set up meetings? Well, holy guacamole, Batman, you learn something new every day." I snickered. Man, I'm funny. "Why'd you set up a meeting?"

"To talk about the colleges I'm applying to." She stated proudly.

Hmm... College. I think I could probably make it there/somewhere. But I don't see the point of giving up all my money to a place that's going to teach me how to be successful in life. I think I can figure it out on my own. There are plenty of people who didn't go to college and

have good enough jobs to live off of, I think. Or I could just marry rich. There. Guys can do that too. Problem solved.

“Exciting.” I said sarcastically. She laughed slightly, but not in a good way. I could tell I was already starting to piss her off, but I didn’t care. It didn’t matter to me how angry I got her, I think she deserves to get ticked off, the way she treats people now, like they’re ants that she can step on as she pleases. I didn’t get it honestly. It wasn’t as if she was a rich snobby kid who was daddy’s little girl, she just, all of the sudden, thought that it was the way to be to be considered royalty. Fuck that. “Yeah, I’ve already gotten into Harvard, Yale and Princeton. I just...can’t decide which one to choose, you know? It’s a really hard decision. Because they’re all really great schools, but are they really great enough for someone like me?” I shrugged, “I just... don’t know. Help me out here, Jackie. Lend me your thoughts.” I put my hand out to her and grinned.

She stared at my hand. She used to think I was funny. But now anything that doesn’t come from the mouth of her fellowship is garbage, as you probably could have already guessed. I looked at her face that started to turn red as she grinded her teeth. “Mitch, I actually take this seriously, okay? I want to make it somewhere. You’re playing at life like it’s some

kind of game—”

“Isn’t it?” Note: board game, Life.

“What? No! It’s everything but.”

“Oh come on, Jackie. It’s something where you simply roll the dice and move accordingly.”

“And so clearly you’ve done that.” She scowled pointing to where I was sitting, “You can’t go through everything by cheating. You have to follow the rules every now and then.”

“Fuck the rules.” I said. “The rules are there to limit you.”

She started fidgeting, I was really getting to her breaking point—a point I used to get scared of and now I only find entertainment in. If she blames me for her bitterness, I can be bitter from that. “When did you stop caring?” And snap. “When did everything just stop mattering to you? Don’t you want to do something with your life? Don’t you want to be something?” Hmm, I think she’s a little pissed.

She finally looked straight into my eyes. I have to say, I hate that feeling. It’s this death look that I can’t pull away from as she looks through my eyes and into my soul. And my soul is no friend to anyone. From there, it’s all downhill to the hell hole. And yeah, I knew. I knew all too well. When my older brother died, couple years back, what happened? We were sad.

We were all sad. And we all talked of how we missed him and tears were shed. But we didn't talk about how he was young and never got a chance to do all these things. We didn't say, well he lived a good life, for as short as it was. No one saw how great of a guy he was, no one said, "Your brother, he was something." I used to think that when you're gone at least, you should be thought of as something. But no, he wasn't. And if when you're gone, all that you lived for wasn't even acknowledged? What the fuck do you do then? What's the point of trying to be something if it doesn't matter either way? You could have an impact for a moment, a single moment, and then it's done. People move on. People lose interest.

Welcome to a world, where in truth, people don't care about how other people are an image of greatness; they only care about themselves and their hope to be great. So no, I don't have an older hand to guide me through thick and thin and tell me how to live and the lessons of the world. I have to become my own fucking guide. I have to make my own path. So no, I don't bother to impress people if the only person I need to impress doesn't need to be, me. Damn it. Get out of my head, Jackie. Get out, get out, get out!

Shit.

She was still looking at me questionably.
Have I just been sitting silently for the past
couple minutes?

“Well?” She demanded. Oh yeah, like she
didn’t know where she just was.

“Well, what? What do you want me to say?”
Her telling me what to do seemed to be a lot easier than
me figuring it out for myself.

“I want you to finally explain to me what it is
about you that’s so... so—”

“So... what?” I asked.

“So... you,” she said, at a clear loss for words.

“So me?” Good one, Jackie. “Why do I need
to explain who I am? Why do I need to make a goal
for myself to be something special? I don’t need to be
perfect. No one needs to be. I just go with whatever’s
going, I say what I want to say, I act how I want to
act. And when there’s a challenge, I take it down, if I
want to, at least. Beat whatever’s tossed at me, with no
thought about who I’m to impress.” I don’t know how
much sense that actually made to her.

“Mitch, you don’t need to try so hard to act
hopeless.” That’s what she got out of that?

“I don’t think I’m hopeless—you think I’m trying to
act hopeless?” That’s a stupid thing to say, if I wanted
to act hopeless I’d walk around as if I was puppy with

my tail between my legs and have people feel sorry for me. I'd strictly act as if the world's given up on me. She makes it sound like I've lost all faith, which isn't true. "I just don't put forth any more effort than I want to, was that not clear? That's not an act of hopelessness," big difference, Jackie, big difference.

"Then what's this?" She said gesturing at me. She gave a judgmental look at my worn vans, jeans, and shirt. Well, sorry if I like to wear what I feel comfortable in. I don't feel the need to go and waste my money on new things that'll just get worn out anyway.

"Then what's that?" I said gesturing at her. Ah-ha! The tables have turned.

"What's what? My clean clothes?" She said confused.

"No, not just the clothes, and not the fact that their clean—hey, mine are clean!" She shrugged and shook her head. "I mean just... you."

"Me?" She said starting to get defensive.

"Yeah, when did how you looked start to matter so much? What was wrong with, the kid, Jackie, who didn't care what people thought of her and would just mess around like it was no one's business? That Jackie was cool." That felt awkward to say.

"I grew up, Mitch. I finally decided to look a little more presentable for the world. And yeah, I

started to care what people thought, because it's their thoughts that'll help me get to where I want to be." She said, I only laughed. "Sorry, if you think that's stupid. But I can't go on thinking life is carefree. People have responsibilities, you know."

"Oh, I know." I think we had different thoughts on what responsibilities were. I didn't feel the need to justify my remarks; I left them as they were.

She didn't say anything at first. I think she was trying to comprehend it. Then she shifted, uneasy. She knew what she wanted to say, she knew what she needed to say. And I just sat there waiting to hear whatever she was going to shoot to me.

"Mitch, this is why we stopped being friends, your ridiculous reasons to simply give up on everything." She said throwing her hands in the air with frustration. "You just end up making yourself look weak and hurting others. Do you realize that?" No. "Did that ever cross your mind?" No. I didn't even know what she meant. I looked away not sure what else to do. She sighed and leaned back in her chair. My emotions shifted and I had a strange feeling that I needed to apologize, but I wasn't really sure for what for. But I think I'll go for it anyway.

"I'm sorry?" Yeah, the question mark really helped...

"For what?" Oh, shit.

“I don’t know... for... what you said.”

“I get that when your brother passed away it was tough and it hurt you, but that doesn’t mean nothing’s worth it anymore.” She was trying to be comforting. I remember when I told her. We walked back to our elementary school and sat up in our tree, all she wanted to do was give me a hug and tell me it was going to be okay. All I wanted to do was jump off the treetop again just so I could focus on a different pain. Huh. I guess that could have been why we ended. I needed a new pain. I guess I didn’t take into realization that I was playing with a double-edged sword. “You can only lose so much time putting yourself through torture, don’t you think?”

I looked at her and slightly smiled with half a nod. It kind of freaked me out how she did that. I hated it. For as little as I’ve actually spoken, I felt like I broke down. For as far away as Jackie’s been all my life, she can still read me like a book. Maybe that’s what’s kept her away. She saw too clearly what she didn’t want to deal with, can’t blame her for that I guess. “You should probably be thanking me, you know.”

“Thanking you?” She didn’t believe me.

“Hey, I could have dragged you down the shithole a while back, but I was caring enough to cut you loose. That was sure nice of me, huh?” Well, at

least I thought it was thoughtful. She looked at me questionably, not sure how to reply, but I think she understood that was my way of saying sorry for being an ass without actually stating I was, which I was completely fine with.

“I see no point in trying to enlighten you with words of wisdom saying how it’s important to give it your all, but you got to give it something. You say that you won’t try if you don’t want to. But we all do stuff we don’t want to do, I feel like you know that by now. That’s just how things go.”

“Well aren’t you all grown up?” I said jokingly.

She shook her head in seriousness, trying one last time to get through to me. “It’s not about making this historic mark on society or anything. It’s knowing, yourself, that you haven’t wasted your life away.”

“She’ll see you now.” Cindy said as she looked up from the desk once more to flash me that beautiful smile. That sly secretary, she’s probably been eavesdropping on our whole conversation, learning a thing or two, I bet.

I stood up, brushing off the nonexistent dust on my shoulder and turned to Jackie and put back on my badass-guy front. The only front I knew of nowadays. “It’s about time, I was about to go complain

to the manager.” She shook her head at me and tried to hold in a laugh, but it didn’t work. I smiled, feeling as if I succeeded in my mission to get some sort of lightness between us. I guess that was the only closure we’d ever get. That was fine with me. I started to move towards the room I was all too familiar with, to talk about whatever was going on with my schooling, but then Jackie stopped me with a parting line.

“I think there might be some hope for you, somewhere down the road, if you make it that far.” She said looking off to the distance as if she’d been pondering this for some time, then giving me a half smile, which I guess was better than none, “I mean, if you still have a life in you.”

Ah, a challenge. —————

Trapped in Stigma's Box || **THEO NISHIMURA, PHOTOGRAPH**



Sitting on the county steps next to
Archangel Michael
throwing bones with a pinch of chew:
tiny shards of minty cancer
soak in our bottom lips,
tingling like pinched nerves

Our scoliosis of mind
has us hunching to misery
as nicotine rushes to brain
scrambling with the madness of hunger.

We are unemployed.
Looking for work under rocks,
basking in the volatile certainty of youth,
wel-fare won't feed us, ain't got kids—

Two police cars round the corner
waving at us with their lights,
St. Michael fondles the butt of his gun,
as the officers asks us what's in the cart,

Just aluminum shells of peoples
cold summer drinks, a jar of Lincolns
we've emancipated from the ground,

and a couple of warm malts the color of copper,
sir,

We are advised
to assume the usual position:
hands up in name of the lord,
legs spread to pyramid.

They show us the barrels of their guns,
cold black metal offerings of peace.

Their hands travel down and up,
toes to head,
interrogating the folds of our clothes.

Worry is creased into our pants.
Our shirts and faces lousy wrinkled.
My stomach hoists an acidic flag
of nervous tension with the delicacy of
butterflies.

St. Michael has a gun,
but no one sees him,
but me.

A sudden warning lingers
after repeating itself in my hearts tempo
upbeat.

Weary knees tremble, reminiscent of
Parkinson's,
I loosen my bones again and click clack
down the street.

The officers watch
as we transplant our loitering
rhythmically under the nearest leafy arms
of shade.

II
My archangel wanders
to the wooden crucible of port's end.
He places himself on the ledge of the water,
a crumpled hamburger wrapper drifting
endlessly in the sleepy muddy tide.

His head dangles between his knees a
pendulum of sobs.
Homely wings shed autumn feathers
tinged in Steel Reserve
that veer into the lavender halo of sunset.

III
The Stockton night begins to fall

throwing up its gang signs in graffiti stars
and barrio low riding clouds,
the dusk claims blue
while the dawn throws up its red rag.

An irradiant dark permeates
over the manmade coves and trash lined sidewalks;
still vagrancy haunts foreclosed lots celebrating
their wholesome vacancy behind chain link fences.

IV

At midnight even buildings are
indifferent to tagged sidewalks,
towers of condemned bricks
crouch over scattered bulks of human newspaper
snoring the eloquence of the American
dream on the dirt.

Under the free-ways the homeless employed
carpet the grounds like miniature
cathedrals of despair.
Silhouettes of poignant tents rest amidst a
cacophony of crickets.

V

Cop sirens wail
through the startled pops
of anonymous gunshots,
their echoes sing a somber song

that lingers in the moons residue,
slowly, quietly returning the
frightening still of the dark,

Nothing dares interrupt the eerie
silence that cedes the inverted sunrise of death,
the river Styx rings in our ears
as we walk by boys calling for their moms,
choking on the blood of their own prayers;
the holes in their chest gush like ruptured
water mains

Archangel nods, and closes their
eyes long before the ambulance of hope
arrives;

The paramedics say this:
Many have claimed this slab
for themselves,
some have donated blood,
and some have left themselves
outlined in chalk on the blacktop
but in harsher
Words, ones that mustn't be spoken,

VI

St. Michael spits out his chew,
and gives me his gun.

He puts his delicate gnarled hands
on my shoulders and leaves,
apologizing for reminding me
to help myself.

I get up to get help,
stumbling to the payphone as
I snort another line of powdered downtown
and call
nine hundred eleven.

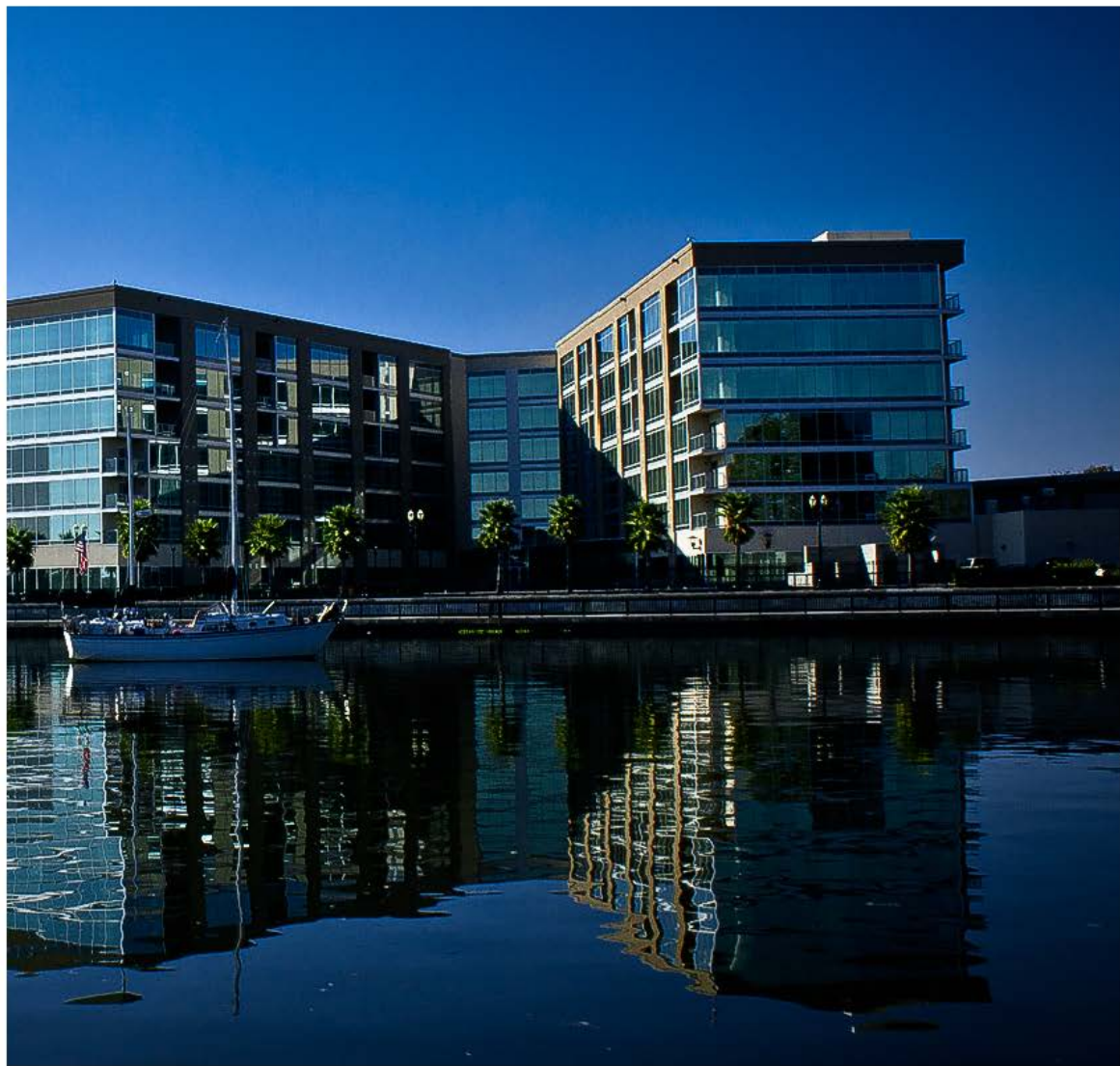
From somewhere
the baritone panic of car trunks echoes
and vibrates
down and around
the violent empty streets
making every window pop n lock.

I walk back to the county steps alone;
all that's left is a loaded gun, and an empty
forty bottle with a prayer inside

G.O. Horvilleur



Downtown Arena II **CLIFTON THAMMAVONGSA, PHOTOGRAPH**



The Picture || **J.H. COURTNEY**

The little girl and her brother sat on the rocks bordering Asilomar Beach, he with his hand tightly holding hers. She was three, he six. They were waiting for their picture to be taken. In front of them they could see and hear the ocean waves rolling up onto the beach. Seagulls were raising a raucous about something edible in the water and now and then one of them would skim over the surface and snatch up a small fish. A heavy mist was drifting in and the children could hear the foghorn at the nearby lighthouse.

Down on the beach, in front of the children, were their mother, father, and uncle. Their mother was spreading out a picnic lunch. The adults and the children were all warmly clothed. It seemed a strange day to be on the beach but it was the only day their uncle could visit. Uncle Charlie was an avid and skilled photographer and wanted to capture a good picture of his niece and nephew.

After several takes, Uncle Charlie seemed satisfied. He helped the children down from the high rocks and packed away his photographic equipment. The beach party ensued, with deviled egg sandwiches, a hot thermos of soup, milk for the children and sodas for the adults. To cap it off there was a birthday cake for the little girl. It was her third birthday.

After eating, the children played built castles in

the sand while the adults talked and caught up on family matters. Then they all walked up to the road, climbed into the old car, and drove back to their house on David Street in Pacific Grove. Uncle Charlie got into his own car and headed back to his home in the Central Valley of California.

It was 1942, World War II was in progress, and it was the heyday of the fishing industry in California. The children's father worked for the State of California inspecting the operations of fish canneries along what was to become known as "Cannery Row."

Time passed and one day Uncle Charlie came to visit the family again. He brought a framed picture of the children sitting on the rocks the year before. It was a black and white picture, large, and printed on expensive matte paper. It captured both the foggy atmosphere of the day and the innocence of the children's faces. It became a family treasure.

All of the family is gone now, except the little girl who has grown old and has arthritis. On this day she happens to be working with family photos and her hand pauses on the picture taken at Asilomar Beach back in 1942. She smiles, remembering, and touches the face of her brother. Then she sighs, places the photo aside for copying, and goes on with her work.

Golden Gate Sunrise || **THERESA GALLAGHER, PHOTOGRAPH**



“Love Letter” || **SUSAN H. KIM**

The city on an island. It's a small and narrow island, but it's enough to support the weight of all my memories that have embedded themselves into the skyscrapers and subway stairwells, back alleys and cobblestone roads, lofty trees and bridges.

14th St. My mother would occasionally take advantage of me being in the city and ask to bring back a new food item for her. Acai berries, cannoli, starfruit, and most recently, gorgonzola cheese. I was buying a loaf of rosemary bread for her from the Tuesday farmer's market when I noticed the little moustached faces pasted on the ground. Someone had copied hundreds of the same image and painstakingly formed a trail with the faces. Holding my bread and dodging people bustling on the sidewalk,

I kept my eyes on the faces and stepped alongside the whiskered pictures. It wasn't until I reached the end of Union Square when I suddenly wondered whether the person who made the faces was hiding somewhere, watching me follow his trail. Looking up, I warily eyed the grandmother with her carpetbag and the two businessmen chatting in front of a restaurant, and walked back up the street.

Central Park. Derek and I entered into the tunnel of trees, and the thick foliage muffled all sounds of traffic. You could barely discern the frustrated honks of taxis from the chattering of squirrels that reigned in the park. It became clear we didn't know our way around the sprawling green maze. A merry-go-round emerged from behind an outcropping of rock, bike tunnels beckoned to us, a statue of Alice in Wonderland distracted us from the kite flyers on the field, a wide lake with rowboats reflected the tops of the skyscrapers. The entire afternoon passed by us as we wandered without purpose. Only when we couldn't ignore our rumbling stomachs and aching soles any longer did we emerge from the otherworldly park back into the bustling hum of the streets.

Canal St. Station. I flew down the stairs and sprinted into the subway car right before the doors slid shut. Timing the stops between the stations was an art I couldn't perfect, thus I was always on the verge of missing every train. The summer humidity was even

more stifling underground. As I stood alongside the other passengers, holding onto the metal pole and swaying with the subway's turns, I could feel the sweat beginning to bead on my back. It tickled torturously down, but the people pinned around me prevented me from moving my arms to stop the slow agony. While the train stalled at Canal St. Station, I looked the window to distract myself from the smothering heat and noticed a small shadow by the floor outside. It separated from the dark and darted under the wooden benches before the wave of feet stepped onto the platform. The subway must have ultimately decided it was time to introduce me to the rodent inhabitants of the city, and for that, I felt a strange combination of disgust and satisfaction.

The Bowery. Friday nights cast a glow on everything. The senses are enhanced and the food taste heavenly, the music sounds wilder, the people seem more endearing. I leaned against the wall and reveled in how delicious my dulce de leche macaron tasted as everyone waited for the opening band to enter the stage. A mecca for independent music lovers, the venue was always packed with the most interesting crowd. Brooklyn hipsters, Meatpacking District clubbers, and East Village students all socialized together in this room in anticipation of these weekly concerts. The guy leaning against the wall in front of me was eating a huge burrito, and the way he was biting into it made me suddenly need to have such an appetizing

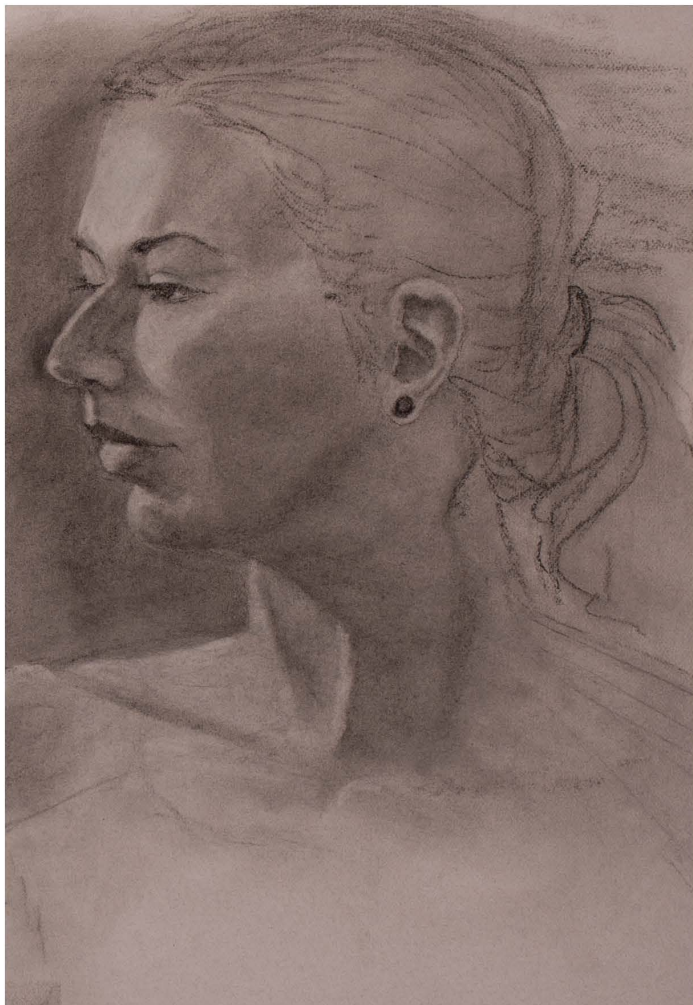
burrito. Just as I was staring, he turned around and spotted my leftover macaron. His eyes lit up and he began exclaiming about how he always wanted to try a macaron. It was a destined match, and we promptly traded our food.

The American Museum of Natural History. The grand white steps that led up to the museum always seemed imposing to me. Whenever I was in Upper West Side, I would walk by the entrance and wonder how a single building could possibly contain all of the world's history; but I would never enter because I was afraid of the answer. I avoided this museum and instead visited the Met, Guggenheim, MOMA, and every other museum in the city until my options ran out. Sunday morning, I finally entered this museum. Gazing into the never-ending displays in the infinite hallways and rooms, I strove to process as much information my eyes could take in just one day. After lunchtime, I was searching for the display of the eskimos that Holden Caulfield mentioned in *Catcher in the Rye*, when I stumbled upon the blue whale. I stood at the entrance of the great, domed chamber, gazing at the suspended life-size model that filled the entire space from mouth to tail. For what must have been minutes, I continued to just simply stand before the whale without speaking. The sheer immensity of realizing that there were living beings as majestic as the blue whale was overwhelming. Only in this city should I have expected to have an

encounter with a whale.

Whenever I walk through the streets, all my past recollections that I had forgotten rush back to me. It's so cliché and typical to eulogize about the city but in my mind, my memories helped build this island. There's a reason that it is called the greatest city in the world. New York, I love you.

Untitled II **TESS WATERS, CHARCOAL**



Strange and Beautiful Flower || **SAM COLRIDGE**

i keep having these fucked up dreams.
 dreams of spinning. falling. crashing.
 dreams of drowning.
 gold tinted dreams of leaves changing color, and writing
my name in piss on snow, and really good pizza- but when i
finally went back east, home for winter break, i dreamed of
oceans and neon lights and medical grade cannabis.
 even when i dream of flying it's a series of uncontrollable
bounds that get progressively higher, usually starting out at the
basketball hoop of my elementary school playground, bounding
over the hills of my suburb, and once, when i was lucky, all the
way to the ocean, and at that point i'm two miles in the air and

falling and i spot a pier with a ferris wheel and wonder
if it's Coney island or Santa Monica and when i hit the
water it's cold but not wet and i wake up and think that
it's my subconscious telling me to get the heater in my
apartment fixed.

they say that people used to dream in black
and white.

my dreams look like the dust illuminated by
slants of sun shining through a bedroom window on a
Sunday morning.

one dream that's happened twice is of a two
lane stretch of highway 58 between Bakersfield and
Barstow, and an oncoming semi that forgets to turn off
his high beams, which floods my windshield with such
intensity that i see nothing but white and follow the
road on gut instinct for a second waiting for the truck
to pass but end up swerving into it going seventy and
that's when i wake up.

or this series of dreams set back in high
school, but somehow it's populated mostly by people
i've met since — as if the kids from high school that
i haven't seen in years no longer register even in my
subconscious. i'll be sitting in the cafeteria, joking
around with people i've met in Stockton and Los
Angeles and Las Vegas, and three tables down, i'll
notice a face looking at me, a familiar face that i can't
place a name to, and when i wake up i'll look through

my Facebook friends but still can't figure out who i was dreaming of.

i'll dream of ditching class and playing hacky sack with the kids i used to hack with who i know are now in jail or rehab, community college or working the same minimum wage job they did back then. in these dreams we are always in our teenage bodies, as if the past few years never happened, as if we were being given a chance to do them over, and were simply wasting it to get high and play hacky sack again.

an observation i once made is that every single kid i knew my freshman year of college who was any good at hacky sack has been kicked out of school already.

one night i realized i was dreaming while i was dreaming, but before i could fly or look at the dream stars or conjure up some hot girl to have dream sex with everything started spinning uncontrollably and i tried to hold on but i woke up and cursed.

and when i wake up it's like that feeling you get when you go to a movie theatre in the afternoon and watch whatever action blockbuster chick flick horror movie and you eat three quarters of the tub of popcorn and you pull that eighth grade yawn move to get your arms around the girl's shoulder and then the credits roll and you walk outside and it's completely dark- you know that feeling?

usually i wake up and i don't even know the

plot of what i've just seen—i just feel like i watched a
tearjerker with someone i couldn't let myself cry in
front of.

dreams of getting arrested - an amalgamation
of the different times i've been in handcuffs in the back
of a cop car, the cold plastic of the seat, the twinge
in my wrists and elbows, the sneering white faces of
the cops in the front running my info, neighborhood
children waving at me from their front step, the
resignation of my fate. but these dreams don't end
with me being released on my recognizance, the petty
possession charges dropped within a month - they end
with me sitting in the cell, waiting, staring at the walls,
and then the walls will start shifting, and flashing neon
colors, and i close my eyes and then i wake up.

dreams of turbulence on an airplane. dreams
of hurricanes.

i wake up and it's like how it feels going to a
baseball game and keeping score and then when you go
get hot dogs in between innings the line is too long and
you miss a couple of at bats and give up and leave the
rest of the card blank like it never happened.

after i first did mushrooms - sophomore year,
fifteen years old, played a guitar for what felt like ten
hours and then tried to eat it because it tasted like
music—i started having these dreams where i was

someone else somewhere else completely, and when i woke up i couldn't remember anything at all but it would feel like i had been in that life for years and years and then been forcefully wrenched back into my miserable suburban existence. these dreams would recur every night and i would never remember the details or even the generalities but there was still some kind of consistency to them, as though i was continuing to live that other life, merely taking breaks to go to high school or work, and i started to believe halfheartedly that my dream world was real and my real world a dream—not quite an overt nightmare, but nothing pleasant either.

you ever notice how oldies stations when we were kids would play shit from the forties and fifties and now they play stuff from the sixties and seventies?

i wanna know have you ever seen the rain
i think i'm dying
everyone's dying
i think there's something wrong with me
there's something wrong with everybody
i want to stop having these dreams
just smoke more weed
okay

Evanescent II **BEATRICE WOODS**

Childhood innocence:
like the twinkle of a star,
come and gone.
Purple sparkles and sequins
on a pink tutu and silver wand
twirl once and are gone away;
replaced by knowledge,
empowering and harsh.
The knowledge that
pink, purple and silver outfits
are just a passing glimmer
that evaporate
as if touched by a magician's wand.
Now you see it,
now you don't.



